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The Voice of Gold.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Miss Caroline Drewitt had come back to her settlement work in the fall with a determination to inspire the surrounding neighborhood with ideas that should lift them above the level of the commonplace.

"Last year I tried it with pictures and flower study," she told the Rev. Donald McGregor, "and I can't say it was a success. But this year I am going to try music."

The Rev. Donald peered at her with kindly eyes through his nose glasses. He was a tall, spare, sandy haired man, a power in the pulpit, a friend of the people and a firm believer in Miss Caroline Drewitt.

"I am sure it would be a great incentive," he said. "It makes an appeal to the Italians and the Germans, though differently. But how will you arrange it?"

"Gloria has promised to sing every Wednesday night," Miss Caroline told him, "and Harold Cartwright on Fridays. Gloria will give the Germans Wagner and Harold will give the Italians Verdi, and now and then we will mix the two and have a grand concert."

McGregor nodded. "It is a great idea," he said, "and you can supplement it with children's classes."

"Yes," Miss Caroline planned, "I shall conduct those myself. I can't sing, but I know the theory. I sometimes wish I had more showy talents to impress my people with, but I must make the best of my practical accomplishments."

"I am sure we could not wish you other than you are," was the Rev. Donald's tribute, and Miss Drewitt blushed prettily and went away with a buoyancy of carriage that made her seem almost youthful.

"He's such a help," she told Gloria that night. "In my work."

Gloria, brushing her masses of red gold hair, yawned a little.

"I don't see why you bother yourself with a lot of people who don't care to be uplifted, Aunt Caro," she said. "With your money you might be seeing Europe and making a break into so-

ciety."

"Society palled many years ago, my dear," said Miss Caroline, "and some of my people love me, which is a great deal."

"Everybody loves you," Gloria said impulsively as she leaned over her aunt and kissed her, "and I am even beginning to believe that the Rev. Donald is smitten."

"Gloria!" Miss Caroline's eyes blazed. "Don't say such a thing again. To speak of him that way, as if he were an ordinary man."

"Well, extraordinary men fall in love sometimes," said Gloria wisely. "They are all alike when it comes to love."

"Dr. McGregor, if he ever marries," said humble Miss Caroline, "will choose a woman of talents and beauty—such a woman as you will be some day, Gloria."

Gloria threw up her hands. "Me!" she gasped. "Why, I am going to sing—and the man I love must sing, and we are going to sail away on a sea of romance. I don't like dark alleys and tenements."

Then as she saw the look on her aunt's face she went on, "But he is good enough for anybody, Aunt Caro, and I like him immensely."

"And he likes you," said Miss Caroline.

It was this conversation, combined with Miss Caroline's insistent spirit of self sacrifice, that set the little lady aschewing. Of all women in the world, she loved Gloria best. Unacknowledged, but coloring her whole life, was her love for the Rev. Donald McGregor. And what more fitting than that she should bring these two together in a happy union? Gloria would give the minister the brightness that belonged in his life, and he in turn would wear Gloria from the selfishness of her point of view and would uplift her with himself.

And so it happened that every Wednesday night the Rev. Donald McGregor found himself asked to meet with Miss Caroline's social club, and later he walked home with Miss Caroline and Gloria.

It was during these evenings that Miss Caroline suffered the pangs of martyrdom as her niece with wonderful beauty and art held the little crowd of downtrodden humanity spellbound. The Rev. Mr. McGregor seemed spellbound with the rest, and now that Miss Caroline had brought about that which she craved she felt that the sacrifice was too great. If the minister loved Gloria, he would soon cease to be her friend. And how could she live without the support of that friendship?

The little woman grew pale and quiet and, turning more and more to the humble people about her, was drawn into their lives, so that she became mother confessor to more than one who in sickness or in health leaned on her wisdom, her common sense, her sympathy.

"You are a wonder," the Rev. Donald told her one morning as she asked his advice with regard to a pair of Italian lovers.

"Tessa's parents want her to marry a richer man," she said, "but I am going to see that she marries Rafael. They love each other, and that is enough."

"Yes," the minister agreed absently, "that is enough."

His preoccupation seemed to separate him finally from Miss Caroline.

"I—I am going now," she said hastily. "I shall expect you Friday night. Harold Cartwright will be there—and Gloria and all of our Germans and Italians. I want you to make a little address."

"What are you going to do?" he asked her suddenly.

"I?" Miss Caroline stared. "Oh, I shall sit in the audience and applaud."

"You won't do anything of the kind," he said, with decision. "You are going to precede my speech with a little talk about the children and the children's music. No one can do it as you can."

"Oh!" Miss Caroline's face was lighted. "Do you think I could? I love the children and the music, and I should like the parents to know why I am doing it."

"Then tell them," said the Rev. Donald McGregor, with finality.

And so it happened that when Gloria Campbell, a vision of beauty in her white satin gown, swept into the dingy hall she was met by her Aunt Caro in filmy gray and violets.

"How stunning you look!" Gloria said, holding the little woman off at arm's length. "Where did you get your violets?"

"Mr. McGregor sent them," Miss Caroline stated nervously. "I am afraid they were meant for you, my dear. He knows how you love violets."

Gloria laughed.

"If he meant them for me, why didn't he send them to me?" she demanded.

"I thought he might feel timid," Miss Caroline stammered.

"Timid!" Gloria stared. "Why, he hasn't a timid bone in his body, Aunt Caro."

"I know," Miss Caroline agreed, "but I am sure it is a mistake."

"Harold sent me these American Beauties," Gloria explained. "They

don't go with my hair a bit, but I am awfully fond of them, and he knows it."

Gloria sang that night like a siren, and in the duets she and Harold Cartwright seemed to rise above reality and to live in a world of love and song.

"Gloria is a lovely woman," Miss Caroline whispered to the minister in a last act of self effacement. "She may seem frivolous, but she would make a perfect wife for a serious man."

"No doubt, no doubt," McGregor agreed. "But Harold doesn't seem serious."

"Harold!"

"They are in love with each other," the minister said quietly. "Any one can see it."

Miss Caroline stole a quick glance at him and was met by a serenity that sent all of her theories flying. Surely he was hurt—surely he had cared for Gloria.

But even as she questioned the duet ended, and it was time for her little speech.

Standing very quietly in front of that motley audience, she told them why she was trying to bring music into their lives. There was always happiness in a song, and even if one were in deep trouble there were hymns for comforting. Life might be made easier if one would care, along the way, easier for oneself and for the brother who had not learned to sing. She was teaching lullabies to the little girls and songs of patriotism to the little boys, so that love of home and of country might be implanted in their hearts.

And when she had finished her little talk and come down the aisle, a quiet figure in her gray gown, love for her shone in patient eyes and despairing eyes and vacant eyes and hands were outreached to touch her.

The minister, hearing a broken Italian murmur in front of him, translated to Miss Caroline as she took her seat beside him. "They say you have a voice of gold."

"They mean Gloria!"

"No, it is you. You do not need the voice of song for you to speak with the voice of love, and they love you."

Worn with excitement, she said, with quivering lips, "I need their love!"

Something in her voice made him ask quickly, "Why?"

"I am all alone!"

"But I love you," he said. "I thought you knew. But I am a plain man. I scarcely dared to speak of it."

Her face was illumined.

"Think of the work we can do to-

gether," was all the outlet she allowed herself.

But the lover in him shone for a moment in his strong face. "Think the nest we shall build together," murmured, and then he went to his speech, while quiet Miss Caroline in the midst of that listening audience gloried in his eloquence and hugged her happiness to her heart.

Superstitions of Thieves.

The pickpocket is superstitious. He will rarely rob a person who squints, this being accounted a certain sign of disaster, and if it happens that a purse he steals contains foreign money it is believed to augur that he will travel a good deal in the immediate future, but whether in the company of a couple of police officers or not is nothing to show.

Weddings and funerals are significant events for the professional thief. To pick a pocket at a funeral would be to court immediate disaster, but many of them think if a purse stolen at wedding contains gold it portends the best of luck for the thief during the ensuing six months.

Some pickpockets have a favorite pair of boots that they wear as long as they can keep them on their feet. If they are not arrested while they are wearing them they cut the boots into little square pieces and give them away as "lucky tokens" to their friends.—London Chronicle.

Street Beggars of Bombay.

If the clothes of an ordinary beggar in Bombay were searched, cooked and sufficient to satisfy at least five persons would be found stowed away in different places. It is well known that these beggars are regular vendors of food. They eat as much as they can and sell the rest. A Bombay street beggar is a well to do individual who sends home weekly a postal order for 10 or 15 rupees. One of the fraternal societies was overheard saying to a brother professional that he had done badly that day, having "earned" only 2 rupees and 4 annas.

Advice to a Young Man.

"What do you say to a young lady at a dance?" queried the youth who was about to attend his first ball.

"Oh," replied the society man, "to her about her beauty."

"But suppose she hasn't any?" asked the youth.

"In that case," rejoined the society man, "talk to her about the ugliness of the other girls present."